## Copy Book Stuff

## BY SOPHIE KERR

air, keen troubling. Mrs. Cleburne's paying guests, assembled at dinner, were aware of it, and ate their delicious orange custard in silence. They had heard the custard cups being thumped down on the serving tray out in the pantry. They had seen the scared eyes of Regina, the colored waitress, as she came in. Even the lovely quiet of the June evening and the majesty of Mrs. Cleburne herself did not reassure the guests.

The custard being finished, Miss bad accounts.

Mr. Bert Green simply disappeared. She stopped abruptly. Mrs. Ogleby, the high-school teacher, to correct," she said.

ter Marie and Alec Lowden, who had eaten his custard and stayed for coffee, with no apparent cognizance of the human storm raging so near.

At twenty, Alec Lowden had set out to become the great American painter. Now, at thirty-two, he was commer cial artist on the staff of an advertising agency. For three summers he had come out and spent five months at Mrs. Cleburne's, commuting to the city, and was, therefore, almost like one of the family.

Marie Cleburne rolled her eyes significantly toward the pantry and said: "How did she find out?"

"Why-you see---" hesitated Mrs. Cleburne-'I had the dress sent out C. O. D., I hadn't quite enough money with me; and when it came, I simply said to Martha: 'Let me have ten dol-lars, dear, will you?' And at once she began to be disagreeable."

"But she gave it to you?" "Well-I've got the dress on." Mrs. Cleburne glanced down complacently at herself. "My dear, I had to have something. I was in rags, literally in rags. This is only a cheap little thing; but after your peach-bloom taffeta elifelt that I couldn't afford anything better. We mothers must be unselfish, Mr. Lowden." She gave

going to this dance, anyway," pur-But Mrs. Cleburne's placid face didn't

show a line. "I'd be glad enough to have her go," conceded Marie. "But she's got o dress, and nobody to take her, and I simply can't have her hanging along with me now that Gus Kramer-you know what I mean, mother."

\* \* \* \* MARIE got up slowly. If she had make?" ever applied to any theatrical manager for a job, she would have

blond, good show-girl type." Her mother's gaze dwelt on her fondly as she disappeared. "It's my greatest delight just to

exactly. With her face-and her to martyr miself." could marry any oneany one! If we could only afford to go to some really fashionable sum- I can't go. I've only got that old mer resort for just one season-She rose, with just a hint of haste. "You don't mind if I leave you? want to speak to Marie.'

from under before Martha steps in," gency like this?" thought Alec. Aloud he said, "Oh, I mind, of course, Mrs. Cleburne, who hear her in Baltimore before she'd let wouldn't? But under the circum-stances—" He rose and bowed.

He did not sit down again but walked over and flung open the dance, before the captious Gus." pantry door. "Come on in and get your dinner, Martha," he said. 'Vou've scared 'em all away but me. Come in and tell me all about the to hem it up."

The girl who entered and dropped down wearily at the table was neither big nor blond, nor near to beauty. She was of no type, nondescript, mediam height, with dark, untidy hair, a determined little chin, and lips drawn tight. Her pink calico dress was faded. Her sleeves were rolled almond-shaped, with flecks of green and brown in their shadowy depths, fringed with heavy lashes, intensely alive, intensely unhappy, redcemed her from insignificance.

"I don't want anything but a cup of in either hand."

"Oh, eat some soup," urged Lowden "That was wonderful soup tonight. You made it, didn't you?"
"I got the whole dinner. Amelia Ann has gone on strike."

"Ah, there you have it," said Martha, "My, that soup is good!"
"Bring some chicken and some rice and the fruit salad and hot rolls for

Miss Martha, Regina" ordered Lowasked Lowden presently. "Why are you on the war path? Everybody sat here trembling, expecting to see you enter with war cries and toma-

"I'd've liked to. I have got 'em terrorized, haven't I? But they stay-

they stay. That's my cooking-mine and Amelia Ann's."
"You may as well tell me. It's

something about your mother's new dress and that club dance Marie's going to tomorrow night." "So they've been talking. Then I

story. I paid the town tax yesterday | see it." and the insurance, and I hadn't a red left. And I'd promised Amelia Ann ment on her furniture set. By digthe futcher I got the ten dollars, and not bad when it's on, really."
then mother went into Baltimore, Lowden fingered the soft stuff. "It bought that new dress, and had it ought to be fiame-color. The only

HERE was electricity in the sent out C. O. D. I ought to 've made "Why didn't you?"

"I hardly know. I was so tired and there was so much to do, and she eried and carried on so. So I gave her the ten dollars, Amelia Ann went on strike, and I had to get dinner. She'll be back tomorrow, though."

"But what has all this to do with the dance tomorrow night?" Something pitiful and young flashed

across Martha's face, and was gone. "Oh, I got a silly streak. I got it into my head, somehow, that I'd like Edwards and her married sister, Mrs. to look around when she was in town Morell, hurried away to the movies.

M. Pentz thought he'd just step down for me at the sales. And—and when the store and look up one or two the box came this afternoon-at first -I thought-that was what it was

"Oh, well, it really doesn't matter," "I' have some themes she went on, presently. "I'd have had a dull time, I suppose. But I'd just Remaining at the table, therefore, have liked to sit and look-lights and were only Mrs. Cleburne, her daugh- music and young people, and no clean towels to think about, nor grocer's orders, nor Amelia Ann. Oh, darr everything"

She laughed. "I had a brain-storm, I can tell you. Mother and Marie cringed, and as for poor, Reginashe cowered every time I touched a butcher knife. Anyway, we've blown ourselves for a magnificent costume for Marie, and she certainly ought to be able to make Gus Kramer fall this dress a color that will simply when he sees her in it. Ops. my put the eye out of everything at that dear! She sure do look malicious, as dance. As for Marie-what can she Gus-that'll be one liability written if she does and red noses are so un- and gown. off this establishment. But Gus is spoiled, and Marie is a poison mushroom to talk to- one of the deadlies amanitas who ever killed a conversation. Give me a cigarette, will you "Come outside and smoke it. You

have to wash the dishes?" "No, Regina will. Golly, it's fine to sit down and loaf with a sympathetic soul."

"THERE goes your mother down the street," said Lowden, as they sat on the side porch. "Where's she off to-the movies?"

"No: going down to play bridge with old Mrs. Granger and the Millses. She'll come home with thirty cents' winnings, and as pleased as Punch. Alec Lowden a smiling, sweet glance. Funny about mother-she's one of "I don't know why she's so set on those women who never look at the truth, never see it. When she was a girl she thought she'd marry money "Martha takes fancies like that and live in a big house, and have lots sometimes. And it worries me to of servants and entertain a lot. She death to persuade her out of them." married father, who was as poor as poverty, and hounded him into buying this place and let him work himself to death trying to pay for it. Then we had to take boarders. But it's all the same to mother. She's living in a big house, even if it is nearly tumbling down; she's got servants me and Regina and Amelia Ann; she has guests-who pay their way, to be sure, but what difference does that

"Are you sure," asked Lowde "that you look at the truth. This been described technically as "big dance, for instance. Can't you really

go?" "Without a man, and without dress? Alec, wake up."

"So far as the man's concerned. I'll look at Maria," she explained to Alec. take you. If it will give you a mo-"She's exactly what I was at her age, ment's pleasure, I'll only be too glad

> ing you," said Martha, "but even so, white organdie I made myself."

"It won't do. You ought never to unbecoming to you. Hasn't Marie got "What she really wants is to get a dress you could snitch, in an emer-

> "Marie would scream till you could me take a rag of hers." ward? She can hardly scream at the

> Martha began to laugh. "Marie's be perfectly all right for me. I'll have

> "But it's white. Hasn't she got something in a brilliant color-flame, or Indian red, or orange, or henna?" simple girlish style."

"Bring down the dress anyway, and let me look at it."

sairs at the front window waiting for Only her eyes, Gus Kramer to come in his car and toot the horn for her. Believe me, Alec, if any man came for me in his car and sat and tooted the horn, I'd never run out to him, unless maybe I had a full-size, bard-hitting brick "What a little tough you are."

"Yes, I am. I'm fed up with trying to run this place on a shoestring, and mother and Marie nothing but a pair of parasites. Just when I get some thing laid aside for the plumber. dear Marie has to have new pumps \$14, bing; or mother blows herself to a frock, as per today. And what Seven days a week of do I get? heavy toil. Well, pardon my ravings. . . . Listen-there's the Noble Gustus-"

in the street and the song of the hooter was heard in the land. They could hear Marie's rush down stairs. the flattering joy of her greeting. Inarticulate gutturals replied. The car chuffed." slid away.

"May she be inspired to brilliancyuntil she's got him," said Martha fervently. "Send her a thought-wave, Alec, maybe it'll help the poor old

"You skip up and get that dress." commanded Lowden. Martha appeared with a limp white

ness spread on her arm. "Here it is," she said. "Come inside where we can

white, the color turning Martha's dark skin to an ugly sallowness as she held it before her. "Nothing but ging and scraping and stalling off a slip and a sash," she said. "But



MARIE PUSHED THROUGH THE CROWD. "H OW DID YOU GET HERE?" SHE DEMANDED.

gasoline?"

"Now, what is all this?" said lartha. "You can't dye this dress: Martha. Marie would have a fit."

"What does it matter? Let's go in for orime, Martha, you and I. becoming to blondes. Come on, bring out that gasoline—quick." \* \* \* \*

terrific rummaging therein. Ah-at the very bottom he found it, the old tin box, a queer little casket to hold stood before him in the flame-colored dead hope and abandoned ambition. dress. "How does it look?" she asked. dead hope and abandoned ambition. He opened it and fingered the tubes of color, rejecting this one, choosing that. At last he had three and The mere touch of the paints gave

him a thrill. He squeezed paint into the gasoline first from one tube, then another. The colorless fluid became red, then changed to fiery orange. He added vermillion. Now it was flame, hue of sunsets, of great falling coals from smoldering logs, or the wild spurts of hot color that one sees when the blackness of night.

"Glory," said Martha. "I'll look like a hula girl!" Lowden did not reply. Speculatively he watched his brew, squeezing, stirring, trying the tint on dust cloth, salvaging from the pantry At last he spoke, triumphantly, au thoritatively.

"Give me the dress." He dipped it in, swirled it round and round, lifted it and looked at it critically, put it back in the bowl, get the old war paint on. Hurry!
while Martha gazed fascinated at the
Your mother's in the parlor talking critically, put it back in the bowl "That color's glorious." she said at side door."

dress. "We must hang it up somewhere now, outdoors preferably think it's going to be all right. morrow or it'll whiff up the whole dance. And it'll need pressing."

"Give me the bowl of gore and the man in evening clothes nor the dark, "Who's the tangerine?"

murdere's togs." said Mariba "The man in evening clothes nor the dark, "Who's the vamp in red?"

murderer's togs," said Martha. "Talk brilliant girl by his side. about crime! Alec, Alec, you im-petuous, hot-headed youth—" "Cut it out," said Alec Lowden, but | den! What-where-

It's hideously he felt a cheerful warmth at the tasn't Marie got words. "Run along, destroy the evitch, in an emer-time and conceal the body. I must languidly elegant. "I've taken your clean this stuff off my hands. By this gray cape-

thing to do is to dye it. Got any time tomorrow we'll be going it." He burst into song: Will you not come to the ball?

You are the fairest of all. Tiddy-tum, tiddy-tum, tum, tum tum-

"Martha, I'm beginning to anticipate pleasant occasion."
"So'm I," said Martha grimly, re-

LOWDEN tapped captiously at the A LECK ran upstairs like a boy, was Martha's. "She's gone," he whispulled out his trunk, and began a pered. "Are you ready? Does it smell terrific rummaging therein. Ah—at much?" Martha flung open the door and

> "I can't help thinking it's pretty de-cent, even if it is the loudest garment in the world. It isn't so very whiffy. He leaned his tall body against the wall and looked at her, carefully, critically. He had been right! Martha was wonderful.
>
> He grinned. "You'll do. Now I

want you to go down to Marie's room and make up. Not much-but a little lip rouge, a dash of powder and a very, very little color high on your "I hate paint-makes me feel as if

my face wasn't clean. "You do as I tell you. There's a

He would not say so, but he thought her too lovely, too exquisite for the aim they sought. Martha would have better time if she were not too different. "I had only these old black slip-

pers," she said, thrusting out a slim foot. "I say, Alec, you look spiffy yourself. I never saw you all dolled "Then we're ready as soon as you

to Pentz. We'd better sneak out the "Not much - The time for concealment is past. Come along, let's start

something." smell to heaven—you'll have to put it where it can be warm all day to
MRS. CLEBURNE, holding forth a big ballroom before the questions besteady monologue to Mr. Pentz, gan.

"Martha!" exclaimed Mrs. Cleburne regaining power of speech. "Mr. Low-

ALEC LEANED HIS TALL BODY AGAINST THE WALL AND LOOKED AT HER CAREFULLY, CRITI-

"HE GRINNED. "YOU'LL DO."

Cleburne pointed a trembling finger.
"Oh, just a little trifle I had sent
over from Paris," answered Martha airily. She bestowed on Mr. Pentz a knowing twinkle.

"Why, you look a perfect peach!" exclaimed that gentleman, gurgling. "Thanks, old dear," said Martha. "That was just what I wanted to Regina says. And if she only can get do? Cry? She'll only get a red nose treating to the kitchen with the bowl know. But I'm afraid we must run

As they stepped into the cool warmth of the summer night Alec OWDEN tapped captiously at the little hot third-floor room that knockout." In the semi-darkness Martha smiled ironically: "Old Pentzy did play up. I hope all this doesn' bring on one of mother's attacks."

"What do you mean attacks?" "Oh, temper mostly; sometimes in digestion. But she calls it heart

a hard life. But don't let it make you hard."
"Thanks, grandpa," she retorted

But she gave his arm a friendly pres-sure. "Oh, heavens, I'm getting ex-cited," she said after a moment. "Alec, do you-do you really think I'll have any sort of time?"

"I do think you're going to have a good time, Martha. Every one here knows every one else so well that a new girl is a sensation. That's what you'll be, practically a new girl."

"And, after all, it doesn't matter either way," said Martha. Then she burst out: "It does matter, awfully. You'd never know how terribly I wanted to go to this little tuppennyha'penny dance. I felt as though it were a symbol—that if I didn't go it meant that I'd be shut up there in the kitchen forever and ever. I care awfully about having a good time."
Since they were late there was no

one in the clubhouse dressing room. Martha settled herself before the dressing table and went over he make-up with the utmost care. This slim creature of flame and cloud en-tranced Martha. She ran downstairs to Alec, securely gay.
"Oh, let's get in before the music

They had not gone once around the

Gus Kramer, dancing with Marie, raned his neck. "Say, isn't that your "Mercy-no! Martha here? Gus,

you'd better get spectacles. "Well, it looks like her. Look— over there with that tall old chap from your mother's boarding house.

hind her.

"How did you get here?" she de-manded bluntly.

Martha turned carelessly. "Oh,

asked eagerly.
"No, but the one after that," Martha smiled at him, provocatively. The music began again and she drift-ed away with Alec.

"But where did she get that dress?" Marie asked Gus piteoeusly. "She-she didn't have it yesterday. I don't believe mother knew she was com ng."
"Oh, wake up," remarked Gus cava-

ierly. "Martha's of age. She sure ooks like a queen tonight. I always lierly. thought Martha would be good look-ing if she'd only get the plumage. There's something peppy about here's those eyes of hers."

Marie grew rigid with anger. Gusaving about Martha. And Martha lancing past her debonairly was fur-"You're getting on all right," Low-

den assured Martha. "Wait till the end of this dance. You'll be the center of a raging mob."
"I hope so," said Martha. "It's fun, isn't it?"

THE music stopped. As when kaleidoscope is turned, the rose and blue and white and maize and emetald frocks moved, interweaving, toward the chairs against the wall o the long windows that gave on the veranda. Simultaneously the black coats took a pattern of their own,

largely converging on the point of flame that was Martha.

"The next. Martha."..."Aw, look, Gus, I spoke first." • • • "Give me the two after that." . . . "Miss Cleburne, please, let me make you up a program." . . "Cut it—we agreed there'd be no programs at these

dances. First come, first—"
"The next dance is Gus'," said Martha. "And the one after that is Mr. Lowden'. I'm not going to promise more than two ahead." She rightly gauged the value of uncerumph. Marie sat abandoned and for lorn, in spite of the peachbloom taffeta. Alec dropped down beside her.

asked good-humoredly. "All right," agreed Marie drearlly. Then, turning to him, for, after all, he was like one of the family, she com aleined. "I don't know what to make of Martha. And where did she ever get such a loud dress? And she's painted—Martha—painted!" "The men seem to like it," Lowden

pointed out to her gently. "After all, she's not made up any more thanyou, for instance." that's different." She was

naive in her selfishness. "Martha's not-not-" Her slow mind fumbled "Come along, the music's starting." Lowden said, and Marie rose. She did not talk while they danced, but kept

ooking after Gus and Martha. Martha came back to Alec, triumphant. "Gus wants to take me out in his car tomorrow night," she confided. He upbraids me for never letting him know what sort of girl I really an What sort of girl am I, Alec, do you

"If you asked the girls here tonight they'd say you are a designing little cat. If you asked the men they'd say Some peach'."

"And which would you say?"
"Fifty-fifty. Martha—are you firt-Td flirt with old Mr. Pentz tonight. Me for the primrose path after this And, by the way, do you want to dance with me again? If so, speak p quick." "Concett No; I'll resign in favor of youth. Give me the last dance, and I'll be satisfied."

"The question is-will I be?" "Martha, you are trying to flirt with me. Listen, you rapacious inant. I'll sit on the side lines and cheer for you. I'll leap in and claim the dance. How is that?"

"Very noble. Incited, I imagine, beyou're getting winded from unisual exercise. Alec . . . isn't Marie one wild woman?" "Wild is right." "I've been thinking things out. Last

night I had one idea-well, now I've

two. I'm going to spring the latest A squad of pleading youths swept her away from him. True to his promise, he dropped into a dim corner and watched her gayety. She was radiant, illumined-but not for a mo-

"Charm," thought Lowden, observing her, "is woman's sword and shield also, sometimes her greatest selfintoxicant, I wonder ...." HE drifted back to the days when

he, too, had youth and heedless-

nent did she lose her head.

The music stopped and Marie had its violet vales of mists, its teasing time for a good look. The crowd was clapping for an encore, but Marie pushed through them, Gus close beginning them, Gus close beginning them, Gus close beginning them. painting all day, dancing all night, wasting himself as all young things do, certain that in the end his talent would carry him through. And he ing fungi and bacteria. Wood has hello, Marie! Hello, Gus! How jolly to see you! Isn't the music nice!" of that. How had he lost his faith "Give me the next dance?" Gus of that. How had he lost his faith in the magic of his hands? He looked down at them musingly. They were the same hands that had made the And again he felt in them the same tremor of excitement that had thrilled him when he handled the long un-

What if he should get out his palette and set it, stretch a bit of can- ly solid. It will then be about half vas and seek again that old dis. its first volume and the rammer will carded magic? This room, now- make no impression on the earth. arched, glowing; these figures, amus-ing modern types, all of them; Martha, in her provocative scarletorange, to dominate and accent them "I'll be getting painter's colic next,"

he tried to laugh at himself. But the temptation stayed. Why not try it? all the first layer is rammed down A man had a right to lay with his so hard it "rings" when struck. Then chosen toys. He had almost forgotten to watch for Martha, but suddenly she was

standing beside him.

"It's the last dance," she said. 'Sorry to disturb your slumbers." "You didn't disturb my slumbersonly my dreams," he said.

After the dance, as they came out on the veranda, Gus Kramer stopped "I'm sure you're too tired to walk." ne said to Martha, ignoring Alec.

right back after you. Please wait."

"If you're tired I'll get the village taxi." Alec offered, as Gus and Marie turned away toward his car.
"Tired—nonsense. I'm all keyed up

for the approaching scene at home." There was a light in the parlor of the Cleburne house.

"The lions are in there, waiting to side porch."

"Make it snappy," he whispered. stopped in the hall, a shameless eaves-

he heard Martha's crisp tones, "you may as well listen to me. I've found out a lot of things tonight. I've found out that I don't need to drudge and carry the burden I've been carrying. I've found out that I can and carry the found out that I can work to be to the roof may be laid on the gables in pise construction the instant the mold is taken down. dance and have a good time like other girls, a little better than most of them. And so, from this time on, I intend to do it. If you want to play tomed to real beams, Hand-hewn lumfair and give me most of the construction the instant the mold is taken down.

Remember that the authorities who gave that information were accustomed to real beams. Hand-hewn lumfair and give me more accustomed to real beams. fair and give me my share, all right. If you don't, I'll take it anyway. But the encyclopedia which vouched for I'm going to share a few things. For the strength of pise walls was printinstance, you, mother, after this, will ed. Tests made on Dr. Humphrey's make the dinner desserts. You're a house confirm that strength. wonderful cook, and you may as well the third floor sweeping, dusting bedmaking, scrubbing the bath-everything that I've been doing on both floors, up until now; and I'll see to it that you do it right. If you don't-Do you want him, or not?"

cated that Marie wanted Gus.

"Well, then, look out. And thanks together. very much for your white dress. This is it—dyed. The color doesn't

\* \* \* \* A LEC fled silently to the side porch. She found him there a moment

"That was my second bright idea." she told him. "Oh, you were right, Alec; I wasn't seeing true. And something else is right, though I'd never dreamed it could be. Namely, the copybook. "The copybook!"

-to the extent of our own capacity, terior walls of twelve inches will be There was a halting silence. Alec

lit a cigarette.
"What was your other idea—the first one?" he asked curiously.
"Oh that. Why, I meant to vamp
Gus and snatch him away from Marie. It was easier than I expected.

want a man who can be caught by a quickly applied. The capillary action red frock and a smear of paint. Too of the dry earth seems to suck the cheap. I wouldn't have him for a moisture from the plaster almost

"There aren't any men around here visibly. who are fit for you. Martha." Alec spoke the words sincerely, honestly.

electric silence. electric silence.

"Oh . I . . . don't . . . know!"
drawled Martha, with uttermost
meaning. Then she jumped up and
vanished in the house. He heard her ness and freesponsibility, and a pro-found belief in himself. Paris with her door. running upstairs, the distant slam of

The Lions Were Waiting to Be Fed. "Stay on the Side Porch." Said Martha to Alec

What Caused the Scene in This Diverting Story of Love in a "Select Boarding House"?

· He sat up and stared out into the night. The darling little scamp! The little rascal! Did she mean it? Did she? After all, he was only twelve years older than she-the dreams of earlier evening came back with a snap. For a girl like Martha any man, even a failure, might achieve the impossible. What a pal, what a wife she would make! She'd never be satisfied with a failure.

But if there was anything in that copybook stuff she'd talked about— there must be! He would get out his paints again and go to it. Perhaps . no, surely, this time. He came in, stepping blithely, smiling to himself. Life is what we make it. And tomorrow is always a new day. A new day-with Martha.

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## Use Rammed Earth in House Building

(Continued from Third Page.)

earth wall. When the mold is

Nor is there any danger of the wood rotting. As the earth dries it protects the wood from all-destroybeen found in wrecked pise buildings in England and France which was a hundred years old or more and it was as sound as when it was put in.

Seasoned lumber should be used, of

After the mold has been set un on the foundation the first layer of prepared earth is put in to a depth of about four inches. This is then carefully rammed until it is perfect

The rammers, weighing about fif-teen pounds each, should be used with rather short, light strokes, tampin gthe earth next to the mold boards first and then working toward the center of the form. No fresh earth should be put in until the second layer of four inches more of loose soil may be placed inside and rammed, and so on, until the mold has been filled with layer after layer of pounded earth. It will form one solid, homogenous mass.

The ramming strokes, all authori ties advise, should never be applied in unison. When the rammers are at work they should hit the earth at separate times. Unison ramming tends to loosen the earth between the points can run Marie around home and be hit. This is very evident as soon as one has tried it.

Various shapes-oblong, round and "No." said Martha; "I'd rather walk square-are required for the ramming tools, and it is essential that the first rammer be made of wood. An oak block, faced with iron, was used at Glen Echo. Old treatises emphasize this point advocating the use of oak or beech root wood as being the best material for the ramming tools.

There is no reason, the old books state, to fear overcharging the first course of rammed earth with the second, if the earth has been properly She straightened herself and walk-ed in the half-opened door. Lowden may be safely laid in a day. Further, experience has shown that as soon as the walls are raised to their proper Before you begin, either of you," height the heaviest beams and tim-

ber was a general thing in 1819, when

is withdrawn. It should then be laid

ly made wall and the second sectiof sections together is advised and Inarticulate nioses of fury indi- easily inserted into the mold. As the sections proceed all are thus keyed When the first course is complete suit you, so I'll keep it. Good night." of the first without delay. The joints at the end of the mold in the second course should stagger with the joints of the first course. The rammed earth looks very like concrete when the

mold is taken off. The marks on the

boards, such as the grain of the wood,

show distinctly if the pise work has been properly done. In pise work the second-story walls may be made thinner than the first story with perfect safety. That is, if "Yes, the copybook. Don't you re- eighteen-inch walls are used from the member how we used to write: Life foundations to, say, twelve feet, then is what we make it.' I always disfourteen-inch walls will carry on trusted that sentiment. But it's true from there up to the gable point. Instrong enough to support the floor

beams. As a climax to this important rediscovery in building, it is verified that pise earth walls may be finished in any way desired. The rammed earth is as smooth as planed wood. Paper may be applied directly to it. Plaster sticks to it more closely than "Only I don't want him. I don't to wooden lath, and it is much more,

He became aware of a tingling, tallow. Over this coating it was the ancient custom to apply fresco decorations in water-color paint. The building may be treated with a cerement wash or painted directly, as your prefer. The natural color of the pise depends on the quality of the soil used, and is frequently of great beauty.